

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.



Thursday, August 6, 1908.

For President of the United States,
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
Of Nebraska.

For Vice President,
JOHN WORTH KERN
Of Indiana.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the democratic nomination for representative from the Thirty-third senatorial district, subject to the decision of the democratic voters of the district as voiced at the primary election Aug. 8, and ask the support of all who deem me worthy.

C. C. WILSON.

Being a candidate for the democratic nomination for representative in the legislature from the Thirty-third senatorial district, subject to the decision of the democratic voters of the district as voiced at the primary election Aug. 8, and ask the support of all who deem me worthy.

H. L. WHEELER.

Do not overlook the primary election tomorrow.

People who have been in Wall street will not be surprised to learn that there are bandits in Boston.

Apparently the only thing for the country to do is to get Lloyds to insure it against the Standard Oil company.

The German health cures are complaining of the absence this year of American millionaires what would become of Europe?

Predictions are now made that there will be a car shortage in the middle of October, about three weeks before election. No doubt!

If the other Roosevelt policies don't pan out better than his crusade against predatory wealth they will not be remembered long.

Do not politically disfranchise yourself by voting with the opposition party tomorrow. Stick to your own standard, or you are out for two years.

It will be shown tomorrow how far the Hopkins money bags will go in winning a re-nomination at the hands of his party of one of the "senate un-desirables."

While the Standard Oil fine of \$29,246,000 has been remitted, it is pleasant to notice that clemency has been extended Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, whose friends feared he would be sent to the block.

There never was a nastier, more bitter, more vengeful engendering personality of the ranker than has been waged in Illinois for the republican gubernatorial nomination. The sting of such an acrimonious controversy must last.

A correspondent of Printers' Ink notes that eight large hotels have been opened in New York during the last five years, of which seven have been extensively advertised. The original proprietor of the eighth didn't believe that publicity was essential to the success of his enterprise. The seven advertised hotels have enjoyed a full measure of prosperity; the eighth has been a flat failure from the start, and is now in the hands of a receiver.

High Prices and Tariff.

The continued high cost of living and the declared intention of some of the trusts and combines to hold out for high prices must force the American people to consider the tariff and economic conditions in the coming campaign. As it is, the people are facing the extraordinary predicament of decreased wages and incomes and but little, if any, reduction in prices of trust products. Many raw materials, such as iron, copper, cotton and wool are much lower in price, but the finished product produced by the trusts are high in price as ever, for they still insist on such large profits that retail prices average nearly as much as they were before the panic. The price of iron has decreased about 30 per cent, but the tariff protected steel trust has made no reduction in the price of its products to the American consumers, although steel products for foreign lands are being sold at a great reduction in price. Other trusts and combines, of which the beef combine is a sample, have even increased prices here and also charged with selling abroad at a much less price.

The question, therefore, that the voters of the United States must settle at the coming election is

whether they will continue in power the republican party, the policies of which protect the trusts instead of curbing them.

Hints for Hopkins.

Congressman George E. Foss asked some questions in a speech in Chicago Wednesday that must prove embarrassing to Senator Hopkins. He asks if the senator thinks it is proper to appoint his own son, a young attorney, as federal master in chancery in Chicago. No one presumes that the young man would have been thought of for so important a place if his father did not control the appointment, which is a very profitable and desirable one.

He also makes inquiry concerning the propriety of practicing law and accepting business from corporations while United States senator.

And he further asks the senator if he thinks it right for his law firm to retain the \$24,000 fee paid it by the Chicago sanitary district.

And he wishes to know if Hopkins thinks it right to organize a surety company and indicate to federal employees that it would be well to secure their bonds from the Hopkins company.

And if it is the right thing for the senator to have a member of his law firm made referee in bankruptcy.

These and some others are submitted to Senator Hopkins by Mr. Foss. They can be answered only in one way. If the questions are based on fact, and that has not been disputed, they prove that the senator deserves retirement to private life.

His strength in the state at this time is based largely on the Hopkins machine and barrel. Revelations concerning his public career made by Collier's Weekly and the facts involved in the Foss interrogations are sufficient demonstration of the unfitness of Hopkins for reelection to the United States senate.

Col. McEniry.

Carthage Republican: Colonel Matt J. McEniry, lawyer, president of Business Men's association of Moline, and all around pusher of public enterprises for the public benefit, is the democratic candidate for congress from the Fourteenth district.

Colonel McEniry is not a candidate for fun, accommodation or glory. He wants to be congressman so he can push harder for Illinois, and this district in particular. And he is going to be elected, if it is in the cards.

This live wire from Moline deserves recognition. He was born on a farm and managed successfully a 500-acre farm when 17 years old. He is a college graduate and holds degrees from three celebrated colleges. For 20 years he has practiced law in Moline, and during that period has been in the forefront of every movement of public importance to this part of the state. He is now interested in the deep waterway proposition for Illinois. If elected to congress, his power to do things for his district will be greatly strengthened and he will be heard from. He is the tool of no interest, has never been identified with factional politics, and is a clean, honorable citizen.

These are the reasons why the Fourteenth district should elect Colonel McEniry. We are entitled once to the services of a real live representative.

Vote Early Tomorrow.

Owing to the complex character of the primary election tomorrow, the unusual number of ballots and candidates, and the large number of voters to make affidavit and to be sworn when they cast their ballots, it is essential that the voters make an effort to reach the polls early and to thus avoid the rush.

The judges and clerks of election will have their hands full, and the possibilities of numerous delays may keep voters waiting if they do not get to the polls early, and if they wait until late and go in large numbers, as was done at the initial registration last year, when many who sought to register could not do so because of the confusion.

It is not anticipated that there will be any great confusion, but the possibilities of delay render it advisable that the voters get to the polls as early as possible, and thus cooperate with the election board to successfully carry out the primary law, which will unquestionably prove a great success if given a fair test and if the voters take the interest they should.

So, by voting early, and thus cooperating with the judges and clerks, the electors will not only benefit themselves and assist in making the test of the new law a success, but will pre-emptively relieve the burden that will rest upon the election board.

Vote early.

Polls open at 6 a. m. and close at 5 p. m.

Trousers.

The shape, being loose around the knees and ankles, allows sailors' trousers to be quickly rolled over the knees. If it is necessary to leap into shallow water, such as is necessary when beaching a boat. Thus, by keeping the trousers dry, the men are able to move more quickly and do not suffer from cold. The sailor's uniform is not subject to varying orders of fashion, wherefore seafarers of today wear clothes of essentially the same pattern as those prescribed for them when the American navy was first established. This was taken with little change from that of the British navy, which was adopted by order of King George III.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, for many centuries men almost universally wore "breeches" (also

known as "small clothes"), a garment which, whether tight or full, never reached below the knee, though during the seventeenth century a loose garment, known as "tongs," or "sliders," came into general use among the working classes, at first probably used as overalls. A picture of the pirate William Teach, known to have been painted in 1734, shows him in long trousers, wherefore it is supposed that men who followed the sea were among the first to adopt the more comfortable garment.—Housekeeper.

BUDD'S LEAP FOR LIFE.

Former California Governor's Narrow Escape From a Rattlesnake.

James H. Budd, the former governor of California who recently died at his home in Stockton, Cal., told some years ago the following story of an escape from the bite of a rattlesnake which he once had: "I was up in Calaveras county fishing along the Stanislaus. I had been told of an almost inaccessible pool up the river at the base of the perpendicular cliffs and fairly alive with trout. I found the place and also found there was only one way to get a book into the pool. I had to climb on my hands and knees up a steep path to a sort of shelf on the cliff. On the other side of the shelf was a sheer drop of forty feet down to the pool. Just as I dragged myself upon the top of the ledge the whirl of a rattlesnake startled me. Naturally I jumped to my feet, exhausted as I was, but dropped my fishing rod. The coiled rattler was within two feet of me and preparing to strike.

"Either I had to get down on my hands and knees again or jump forty feet into the pool. As I saw the diamond head of the snake draw back to strike I decided and jumped. Just as I sprang the rattler struck. I had a pair of moccasins on my feet, and the fangs of the snake fastened in the one nearest him. As I went down I remember seeing the snake lying over the other side of the pool. Its fangs had caught, and I had carried it with me. Just what happened in the second or two after I struck the water in my dive of forty feet I don't know. Fortunately the pool was fairly deep. As I dragged myself upon the rocks at its edge I realized with a thankfulness I never knew before that I was not only alive, but had escaped the snake and broken bones. I was badly bruised, but not seriously hurt. What became of the snake I don't know."

"MERRY WIDOW" HOUSE.

Washington Man Builds For Himself Novel Summer Home.

"My neighbors call it the 'Merry Widow' house," This is the statement which James L. Parsons, a builder of Washington, made in regard to the summer home he recently completed for himself a short distance beyond Chevy Chase lake. "And the name is very appropriate," said Mr. Parsons, "for the broad eaves have the appearance of a big straw hat set on top of the house. But there is a good purpose served by those broad eaves, for they help to keep the house cool and comfortable, and that is the principal object to be sought in a summer home.

"Everything about the house was planned with the idea of summer comfort. The windows are wide, and there are plenty of them. The doors also are wide, and they are so arranged that, no matter in what direction the wind may be blowing, the doors may be opened to let the breeze blow through the rest of the house. "On the first floor everything is level, including the porch floor, which is on a plane with that of the rooms, and there are not even doorsteps over which one may trip. Another novel idea which has been introduced into the house is that of having all the doors high, extending almost to the ceiling. This keeps the hot air which rises in a room from 'bagging' near the ceiling and warming the air of the entire room."

The house contains a wide entrance hall, living room, dining room, kitchen and pantry on the first floor and five rooms and bath on the second floor, with servant's room and large attic room on the third floor. The foundation is of concrete and the upper part of frame, with the exception of the attic floor exterior, which is of corrugated iron.

STEAM AS DISINFECTANT.

Dr. Rickard Suggests New Method to Keep Library Books Clean.

A saving of thousands of dollars for the Boston Public Library may result from Dr. B. R. Rickard's discovery that dry steam of a very high temperature is a better disinfectant of books than the formaldehyde now used. Steam is cheaper, more penetrating and less destructive than formaldehyde, he believes.

John Ritchie, Jr., health commissioner of Boston, who attended the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Association of Health Boards at Gallup's Island, where Dr. Rickard read his paper on "Disinfection of Library Books," was much impressed by the idea. The Boston Public Library may experiment with the new treatment.

Force of Storm Waves.

The average storm wave is thirty feet in height. The highest storm waves ever measured were between forty-four and forty-eight feet high. The gigantic force of storm waves is shown by the fact that at Skerryvore lighthouse, off the west coast of Scotland, a mass of rock weighing five and a half tons was once hurled to a height of seventy-two feet above the sea level, while a mass weighing thirteen and a half tons was torn from a cliff seventy-four feet high.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Humor and Philosophy

B. DUNCAN M. SMITH

PROVIDED FOR.

The new hair apparent to John D. looks out. On a world made to order for him—No strife for a living, no worry about the future for that lucky limb. Already in farmhouse and village and store.

All over the earth it's a fad To burn a few gallons of oil, less or more, A fund to provide for the lad. Wherever from ocean to ocean mankind Sits up with a task or a book To labor or garner some truths for the mind.

For secrets of nature to look, The lamp that is turning the night into day. For study or business or fun Is burning a fluid that tribute must pay To the son of John D.'s only son.

Some children are born with a bright silver spoon And nurtured in luxury's lap, But what are such favors compared to the boon Vouchsafed to this heir to oil chaf?

He will not have need from the day of his birth To conjure one moment with toil, For thousands who know not the boy is on earth Will blow themselves strong for his oil. Strong servants will come at his slightest command On trivial errands to chase, And when he has coiled three doctors on hand Will be to look after the case.

No prince born to purple can ever expect With toys more expensive to play, Now, wasn't he wise and astute to select John D. for a grandfather? Say!

Traveling Light.



"See the girls in bathing—laughing and cutting up as though they didn't have a thing on their minds."

"That is to match their bathing suits."

Good Trade.

"She asked him to give up smoking for her sake."

"And he agreed to?"

"Yes, and she asked him to give up drinking."

"And he did?"

"Yes."

"What did she give up?"

"Oh, about a million dollars."

Mean.

"How I do suffer from nervous prostration!"

"Don't fret. You'll get over it."

"Think so?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Your salary doesn't justify it."

Classifying Them.

"He is one of our best minor poets."

"And what is a minor poet?"

"He is one over whose poems the editors rave, but regretfully return with thanks because of the demands on their space."

Rapid.

"That man seems in a hurry."

"Yes, he has to hurry."

"Why?"

"To keep up with his reputation."

Hopeless.

"Who are you going to vote for for president?"

"Let's see—who's running?"



Couldn't Keep It.

"Had any leap year proposals yet?"

"I'm not saying."

"If you had you would be."

Poor Investment.

When trouble you would borrow Take warning and repent.

For you will have to pay it back With ten or twelve per cent.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Playing the fool is an art not likely to be lost in this generation.

It is awful the way some people live and artistic the way others do it.

All the world's a stage without a steel drop curtain.

Having a good neighbor is merely a matter of being a good one.

Being poor may be respectable, but it doesn't look desirable or comfortable from the outside.

The family picnic with crumbly sandwiches and bottle for baby is no resting place for Cupid.

Just by looking at them you know some married men have wives that are easily pleased.

When you have no one to blame but yourself, you are dead sure no one's to blame.

Goldfish are the only creatures that can be kept in a glass.

The New Fall Suits

A Grand Advance Display of Captivating Fall Suits for Women

The distinctive charm of this advance array is its exclusive models, attractive prices, and the variety is such that each one may choose the style that suits her figure best and be sure of fashion's perfect approval.

Advance Showing and Sale of Tailored Felt Hats

Correct styles for present and early Fall wear. We take pleasure in showing the advance styles. Let us show them to you.

114-116 W. 2nd St. The Bee Hive Davenport

The Argus Daily Short Story

On the Long White Road—By Virginia Blair.

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There had been no one at the station to meet her, and she had started out bravely to walk the two miles that lay between the town and her country home.

At first she stepped lightly, uplifted by the freshness of the wind that blew from pale green meadows and brown plowed fields and reveling in the sweetness of the orchards, pink and white with bloom.

But the bag that she carried was heavy, and after the first mile her steps lagged. When she reached the little cemetery where the old headstones tilted toward each other under the cedars she sat down on a bench by the gateway and took off her hat.

"There, I knew I couldn't make a mistake about that head of hair," said a voice over the fence.

Charlotte turned quickly.

"Why, Jerry, Jerry," she cried, "I don't think it's a bit nice of you to begin right away about my hair."

"Well, it's such pretty hair," Jerry informed her as he came around to the gate. "I don't see why I shouldn't talk about it."

"Red hair," she told him, "is never pretty."

"Yours isn't red," he insisted stoutly; "it's coppery—gold and red."

"What's the matter at home?" she demanded, ignoring the compliment.

"No one came to meet me."

He looked down at her solicitously.

"Hasn't any one told you?"

She turned pale.

"No. Is anybody sick?"

He shook his head.

"Andrews won't wait any longer for his money. He's going to foreclose the mortgage, and your mother and father drove over to your Uncle Bob's last night to see if he could help out. I don't believe they knew you were coming on this train. I didn't or I'd have come down after you."

But Charlotte was not listening.

"Andrews is going to foreclose?" she faltered.

"Did he tell the reason?"

"No. Your father says he just wrote that he couldn't wait any longer for the interest—and."

"I know the reason," Charlotte stated, with flashing eyes. "He wrote me last week and asked me to marry him, Jerry."

The young man stared. "He did?"

"Yes, he dared!" she continued, "he told me that he knew he was much older than I and that he hadn't much education, but he had a big house and horses and automobiles, and he knew that he could make me happy, as I was poor and teaching school, and my family were in debt. Of course he didn't say it just that way, but he meant it."

"And you refused?" The young man's lips were set in a straight line.

"Of course. I don't love him, Jerry."

The boy's face cleared. "That's reason enough, Charlotte. I think I— I should give up if you married any one else."

A deep stain of red touched the girl's cheeks, but she went on quietly.

"I don't know what we are going to do, Jerry. I have given father and mother every cent I have earned by teaching this year, but it has merely paid the interest."

The young man bent over her and took her hands. His chest heaved. "If you'd only marry me, Charlotte," he said.

"But you can't, Jerry," she reminded him. "You've got your own burden of family debt, and it wouldn't be right for us to add to the worries of our parents, would it?"

"But I love you," was his plea, and for a moment she clung to him.

"I know," she whispered, "but we can keep on loving—nothing shall come between our love—Jerry."

After a little while she went on steadily.

"I thought of it as I walked along today. It seemed to me that duty stretched before me like a long white road—a weary road—and yet some where at the end of the road was home where I could rest and be loved. Perhaps that will be the way with our

lives, Jerry. There will be a weary road to travel, but in the end we shall have our home, and love and happiness—if we are patient, Jerry."

"Dear heart," he whispered, and smoothed her hair.

And after a time he stood up in the strength of his youth.

"But I don't want to be patient," he said restlessly. "I want to build our nest like the birds in the spring. I want to put you in it, and keep you safe and warm."

"But you mustn't, Jerry."

"So you say." Then, with a sudden, quick smile she looked down at her. "Let's be happy for one day, Charlotte. They don't expect you. Come down to the lake and I'll row you across to the lily beds."

"I can't," she protested. "I must get home and comfort them if they are there—and plan!"

"I'm going too."

"Well, you may go with me and carry my bag."

And so they began their journey along the long white road together.

At the crossroads a big red motor car passed them and stopped.

"It's Andrews," Jerry murmured as they plodded on, "and he's coming back."

"Miss Charlotte," called the man in the car.

Charlotte turned.

"Let me take you the rest of the way in my car," Andrews offered.

"No," she said stiffly, "I'd rather walk."

The little fat man flushed.

"Look here," he said, "you—I wish you'd tell your folks I ain't going to bother about that mortgage. I've been feeling mean ever since I said I'd foreclose, but I did it just after I got your letter."

Something in the pleading expression of his round, red face made Charlotte leave Jerry and go over to the side of the automobile.

"Perhaps I didn't write in a very kindly way," she said. "I have."

A great light illumined his gloomy countenance. "Do you think you could change your mind?" he asked.

"Oh, no," Charlotte stammered, "not that, but—"

"Of course you look down on me," he said moodily. "I ain't your kind."

"I don't look down on you," Charlotte told him. "But I— I care for somebody else."

He gave her a startled glance.

"Is it Jerry, Ellsworth?" he questioned very low.

"Yes," she admitted, "it's Jerry. But we can't marry each other because both of our families are in debt and